



27th Connecticut Volunteers



DEDICATION
OF THE
MONUMENT
At Gettysburg,
OCTOBER 22d, 1885.



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OF THE

Monument of 27th Conn. Vols.

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INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXCURSION FROM NEW HAVEN TO
GETTYSBURG AND RETURN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
PRICE, LEE & Co., PRINTERS, 713 CHAPEL STREET.
1886.

Initial Proceedings.

AT the sixteenth annual reunion of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, held at Pawson Park, September 4, 1884, the subject was discussed as to the advisability of erecting a monument upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, in commemoration of the dead comrades who fell in that great three-days' struggle. The report of Captain Frank D. Sloat and W. W. Price, of the Twenty-seventh, who had but recently visited that historic ground, seemed to stimulate the feeling in favor of the project. The Fourteenth and Seventeenth Regiments had already honored their dead with beautiful and costly tablets, while other Connecticut regiments were preparing for a similar duty. Many other states were engaged in the same noble work until the fields of Gettysburg were dotted with granite columns. To the surviving members of the regiment who cherish the memory of their dead comrades, and who would see their deeds perpetuated in future generations, these accounts of the doings of other organizations were listened to with favor. As an inaugural step, Simeon J. Fox moved that a committee of one from each company, with Captain Sloat as chairman, be appointed to take such action as might be deemed necessary to further the object. The resolution was adopted unanimously, and the following appointed :

Capt. Frank D. Sloat, Chairman.
Private Simeon J. Fox, Co. A.
Private C. A. Harrison, Co. B.
Lieutenant C. B. Brooks, Co. C.
Sergeant John A. Munson, Co. D.
Corporal George T. Dade, Co. E.
Corporal Henry W. Clark, Co. F.

Sergeant Allen D. Baldwin, Co. G.
Captain Ruel P. Cowles, Co. H.
Private W. W. Price, Co. I.
Sergeant Charles Weidig, Co. K.

From the date of this inaugural movement, the success of the undertaking was assured. Several meetings were held, but in view of the general depression in business, not only in Connecticut, but throughout New England, it was deemed expedient to postpone active operations until the following spring.

Early in the spring (1885), the labor of the committee was resumed. Hardly a member of the Twenty-seventh but came forward with his contributions. And the interest was not confined to members, but extended to citizens generally, many of whom took a special interest because New Haven was so largely represented in the regiment, and not a few desired to testify to their tender remembrance of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Merwin.

After examining the several designs submitted, the committee awarded the contract for building the monument to the St. Johnsbury Granite Company, of Brattleboro, Vt. The specifications provided for a granite shaft, surmounted with a bronze eagle, the total height to be twenty-three feet. The contract was faithfully carried out, and now the regiment has the tallest and perhaps most conspicuous column upon the fields of Gettysburg.



The Journey.



TUESDAY, October 20th, 1885, dawned brightly. At an early hour veterans of the Twenty-seventh, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and lady friends, began to assemble at the Union depot in New Haven. Indeed, the ladies were more largely represented than the most sanguine veteran had dared to hope for, and a stranger might well have mistaken the gathering for some mammoth picnic to some adjacent grove, instead of a grand excursion to a distant State, involving railroad travel of some 650 miles.

Old soldiers, many of whom had not met in twenty-two years, now stood face to face, and the hearty hand clasp and the moistened eye told the joy of the meeting. But in a few moments the scene changed, and the true military nature of the gathering became apparent as the Veteran Grays, Major L. L. Morgan commanding, and the Active Grays, Captain Frank T. Lee, filed into the station and took position upon the platform.

A few moments and all are seated in the five cars and the special train moves away amid the cheers and hearty "good-bye" of those left behind. At Bridgeport the Wheeler & Wilson band joined the party, and at every stopping place the excursionists were reinforced. Time flew rapidly, for old comrades had met, many of them for the first time since the war. Incidents of camp and carnage that had lain dormant for a score of years came up afresh, and memories long silent were brought vividly to mind. With such pleasing communion one could hardly realize that the train had arrived at Harlem River. And here the careful attention to detail which the committee had given to the enterprise became apparent.

Without a moment's delay the boat moved off and speedily the music of the band was floating away among the shipping and along the piers of East River, calling out cheers and waving of handker-

chiefs from the thousands of spectators. Arriving at Jersey City, all doubts were dispelled, if any had existed, as to the success of the undertaking. Assembled at the landing were some fifty members and guests, several of whom were ladies. Here we were joined by Gov. Henry B. Harrison and Adjutant-General Stephen R. Smith, Capt. Frank D. Sloat, Col. Richard S. Bostwick, Capt. A. C. Hendrick, and a number of others. Mr. B. F. Markley, special eastern agent for the Penn. Railroad Co., now took us in charge, and a more agreeable and efficient railroad guide could hardly be found. At Jersey City a drawing-room car was attached for the convenience of ladies and their escort.

On to Philadelphia the train flew so rapidly and yet so gently that one scarcely realized the great speed, and our early arrival at the Philadelphia station was one of the genuine surprises of the trip. Forty-five minutes for dinner and again we are off for Harrisburg, where we arrive at 3 P. M. Before we have time to take our bearings comes "All aboard for Gettysburg," and the Cumberland Valley Railroad is speeding us from the city and over the hills and across the valleys of that wonderful farming district. We find on board the popular proprietor of the "Eagle," who had come to Harrisburg in order to assign his guests before reaching Gettysburg, and so thoroughly had matters been arranged by the committee that every person who had given them notice of quarters wanted was assigned on the train, and those going to the "Eagle" were handed a card on which was the number of the room they were to occupy.

As we near the Mecca of our pilgrimage, guide books and maps are brought out, and we are busily engaged in refreshing our memory and storing our minds with useful information. Nearer and nearer to the historic ground, with greater and greater the interest becomes. Rounding a curve a spire is seen, and a moment later Seminary Ridge looms up against the sky, the scene of General Lee's most desperate stand.

And now granite columns are seen in various parts of the field, and veterans of the Twenty-seventh begin to point out familiar objects. Rolling into Gettysburg the whole town and surrounding country seem to have known of our coming.

At Gettysburg.

PROVISION for the excursionists had been so thoroughly made in advance that the entire party of nearly three hundred were quickly and comfortably located. Governor Harrison and Adjutant-General Smith were at the Eagle, as were many of the Twenty-seventh and their guests. The Active Grays were quartered at the McClellan Hotel, the Veteran Grays at "Freeman," and others at the several smaller but equally comfortable hotels. When the public houses were filled, private citizens invited the visitors to their own houses, and many of our most pleasant acquaintances were formed while gathered around the home circle of Gettysburg families. Once located, informal and impromptu excursion parties radiated in all directions. Some visited the National Cemetery, others wandered about the spacious ground of Seminary Ridge, while a few of the more venturesome penetrated even to the famous Wheatfield, and in the darkening twilight away from the busy turmoil of the town, dropped a tear upon the spot where twenty-two years before Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Merwin fell, while gallantly leading his command upon that fearful and fatal charge.



Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY morning the excursionists looked out upon a cold and disagreeable rain storm, with prospects for improvement anything but cheering. It was the first ill luck of the trip, if it could be called ill luck, that kept both ladies and gentlemen in doors, and formed many a pleasant social gathering in the hotel parlors. Others took little heed of the storm, and pushed out bravely to all points of the battle-field. Toward noon the clouds began to break, the rain ceased, and stray glimpses of sunlight cheered the hearts of the visitors. Presently a clear, cloudless sky hung over Gettysburg, a bright and cheerful omen for the afternoon and the morrow. None welcomed the change more than the committee, whose programme had been seriously interrupted by the storm. The change in the weather made it practicable to carry out the arrangements for the afternoon, when the members of the regiment and their guests were to visit the various points of interest on the battle-field. Most of the available vehicles in the town had been secured, and promptly at 1 o'clock the party left the Eagle Hotel and drove to East Cemetery Hill. The committee had very thoughtfully secured the presence of Sergeant W. D. Holtzworth, a gentleman whose long residence in Gettysburg and whose unusual descriptive powers have made him invaluable as a guide. Mr. Holtzworth participated in the great struggle, since which he has made the subject a study, until he may well be termed a cyclopedia of Gettysburg. Even did space permit, it would be impossible to give any detailed account of this graphic description of the great three-days' contest, unquestionably the decisive struggle of the war. Mr. Holtzworth has facts and figures at his command, which it would seem would require a life time to collect. The exact location of each command—from the smallest battalion to the largest corps—is given in a clear and comprehensive manner, showing careful study and long

experience. The strength and movements of either army is equally familiar to him, while the fund of incident of historical interest furnish a most entertaining and instructive lecture.

Mr. Holtzworth gave at this point a graphic description of the first and part of the second day's battle.

From Cemetery Hill the party were driven to Culp's Hill, where they again left their carriages and listened to an account of the gallant work done by the various commands engaged in that portion of the field. In describing the first day's engagement frequent allusion was made to the noble record of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers, and the tablet marking its position could be seen from East Cemetery Hill. Now the monument was plainly in view, its flag which greeted us upon our arrival the evening before, still waving its welcome. As we looked upon this beautiful and silent recognition of our presence, which now, in the golden sheen of the October sun, reflected across the intervening valley that gorgeous beauty which the old soldier ever sees in the stars and stripes, the incident was perhaps more impressive because of its surroundings and the emotions it awoke.

Re-entering the carriages a short drive through the woods and the beautiful tablet of the Twentieth Connecticut Regiment was before us. A few moments were passed in admiring this costly work of art, which keeps its silent vigils among the old trees and boulders of this historical spot, the scene of one of the most desperate hand to hand struggles of the war. Then three rousing cheers for the gallant Twentieth resound through the tall timbers, the echo coming back from the cliffs and crags on the opposite side of the valley.

The next halt is on the Emmetsburg road, at a point covered by Pickett's charge. Here the guide gave a most interesting description of that desperate effort to break the Union line. The gallant services rendered by the Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment in dislodging the Confederate sharpshooters from the barn on the "Bliss Place," and then burning the barn, all of which occurred near where the party halted, were minutely described, leaving upon the minds of the listeners a very intelligent idea of that portion of the

battle. As we bid farewell to this monument three cheers are given for the old Fourteenth, while many a silent tear is dropped for the dead comrades we leave behind.

The "Wheatfield" was then visited, and from thence to "Little Round Top" by way of "Devil's Den." Here the most important features of the second and third day's battles are given, including the charge made across the Wheatfield by Brooke's Brigade, of which the Twenty-seventh was a part. Naturally the visit to the several decisive points were of special interest to the veterans of the Twenty-seventh who participated in the battle, but the vivid descriptions and fund of incident related by Mr. Holtzworth attracted the closest attention from all in the party.

And now the sun is setting behind the Hagerstown hills, shadows lengthening and the approaching twilight reminds us that our tour of inspection is over. A general advance is made upon Gettysburg, and the variety of vehicles in line and the varied collection of animals pressed into service for motive power, recalls to mind the grand culminating stampede on a Derby Day in London.

Returning to the town, rumors are rife of a grand concert to be given in the evening at the Court House. Soon it becomes known that the committee have prepared a surprise for the citizens of Gettysburg. The Wheeler & Wilson band will give a concert from 7:30 to 10 o'clock, to which the citizens are invited. The authorities have kindly donated the use of the hall, while the committee of arrangements, on behalf of the visitors, volunteer the services of the band.

As early as 7 o'clock people began to assemble at the Court House. In a few moments after opening the doors, the hall was packed with ladies and gentlemen, representing the wealth and culture of the town. The Veterans, the Grays and guests alike all gave way to the residents, for they were our guests for the evening. As President of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Association, Colonel Simeon J. Fox presided, while the band gave selections at frequent intervals. It was a musical treat rare to Gettysburg. The musical selections were generally of the higher order; indeed, the more classic numbers seemed the better appreciated, showing correct and cultivated taste on the part of the audience.

Thursday.

DEDICATION DAY dawned brightly, and Gettysburg is early astir. The air is crisp and bracing, the sky cloudless, with bright promises for a glorious day. The citizens of the town seem to look upon the occasion almost as their own, and are active in all matters pertaining to the interests of the excursionists. There is an early call for breakfast, as the line will form at 8:30, and none would be late.

Soon the music of the band is heard and the Grays promptly wheel into line in front of the Eagle Hotel. Before forming the column the lady guests of the regiment call each veteran of the Twenty-seventh into the parlor and pin upon his coat a button-hole bouquet, the same having been donated by the Gettysburg ladies. The column then formed in the following order, Colonel Richard S. Bostwick of the veteran regiment commanding the line, with Captain David S. Thomas of the Twenty-seventh as ranking line officer, in command of the regiment, Adjutant George F. Peterson of the Twenty-seventh assisting:

Colonel Richard S. Bostwick, Twenty-seventh Conn. Vols., Grand Marshal.
Wheeler & Wilson Band.

New Haven Grays, Captain Frank T. Lee.

New Haven Veteran Grays, Major L. L. Morgan, Commanding.

Governor Henry B. Harrison of Connecticut and Adjutant-General Stephen R. Smith, in Carriage.

Guests in Carriages.

Orator of the Day, Rev. James Brand, D. D., late Color Sergeant Twenty-seventh Conn. Vols., and Rev. Winthrop D. Sheldon, late Lieutenant

Twenty-seventh Conn. Vols., in Carriage.

Memorial Committee.

Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, with Regimental Colors and Guidons.

The column moved promptly on the hour, marching through the principal streets of Gettysburg. At the depot it was learned that

the special train to the battle-field would be delayed one hour, owing to an accident upon the main line. This was quite a break in the arrangement, but all took the matter philosophically. Although the escorting military had visited some of the minor points of interest, the storm of Wednesday had prevented them from making the regular tour of the battle-field, and this unexpected delay of the train caused well founded fears that they would be deprived of this satisfaction. Captain Sloat took in the situation at once, and on behalf of the committee promptly offered to excuse them from escort duty. The Grays, however, declined to take advantage of the offer, but would participate in the dedication ceremonies according to the original programme. Later in the day they made a more thorough tour of the battle-field.

At 10:30 the train moved out of the town, and fifteen minutes later all alighted at Little Round Top and were soon picking their way over the rocks and jumping streams *en route* for the "Wheatfield," half a mile distant. Hundreds of the citizens of Gettysburg and the surrounding country were already assembled to witness the imposing ceremonies.

The monument is located in the Wheatfield, some distance from the road, but occupies a very prominent and conspicuous position. It is a massive granite shaft, 23 feet high, surmounted by a bronze spread eagle resting on crossed cannon. It faces toward the foe and stands on the spot where Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin was killed, leading his command. On the front it is inscribed as follows: "27th Conn.," with 2nd Corps badge. Erected, 1885. On a highly polished shield on the die: "The 27th Conn. Vols., commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin and forming a part of the 4th brigade, 1st Division, 2nd Corps, charged over this ground the afternoon of July 2nd, 1863. The 4th Brigade forced the enemy from the Wheatfield and beyond the woods in front where the advanced position of the 27th regiment is indicated by a tablet on the crest of the ledge. On this spot Lieut. Col. Merwin was killed while gallantly leading his command of 75 officers and men, 38 of whom were killed or wounded in the charge. Eight companies of the regiment captured at Chancellorsville were still prisoners of war.

"Capt. Jedediah Chapman, jr., was also killed in the charge while commanding a company organized from detached members of the eight companies taken prisoners at Chancellorsville.

"The 27th Regt. Conn. Vols. was recruited and organized in New Haven county, State of Connecticut." Beneath this in large block letters: "July 2, 1863."

The exercises took place from a stand erected for the purpose, which was occupied by the Governor and Staff, officers of the Association, and a number of ladies. The monument was beautifully draped with the National colors. The military in sky-blue overcoats and the veterans in citizen's clothes formed a hollow square in front of the platform and around the monument, with a large number of carriages and pedestrians on the outside. The scene was animated and picturesque with the gay uniforms, glittering military insignia and bright-colored badges scattered through the crowd—it was a combination of war and peace. Simeon J. Fox presided and the program was as follows:

SELECTION, WHEELER & WILSON BAND.

PRAYER, WINTHROP D. SHELDON.

Lieutenant Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, we render unto Thee our thanksgivings that so many of our number have been spared to gather here upon this hallowed spot and to engage in these memorial services. We thank Thee that the Twenty-seventh was permitted to share in the great struggle, which has made these hills and valleys forever memorable,—that here the dark cloud of repeated disaster, which had so long rested over the cause of the Union, was parted asunder and the bow of promise appeared, presaging ultimate triumph. We thank Thee for the inestimable blessings which have come to this nation from the ordeal of war, through which it was called to pass—that slavery was thereby destroyed, and that peace and good-will prevail in all this broad land, so that these States are now one in fact as well as in name.

And now as we unveil this memorial of patriotic service, we pray that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon us. May the glorious memories of this hard fought field, and the memories of those noble men who here gave their lives for their country, throng around us and thrill our minds and hearts as we look upon these scenes, and linger with us as we return to our homes,

inspiring us with new devotion to all that is good and true and to the highest interests of our land. As in the years and generations to come pilgrims from all parts of the land shall visit this field, may they tread this consecrated ground with reverent steps and find their hearts kindled with a purer patriotism as they gaze upon these memorials scattered here and there over hill and valley, and may they render to their country in the hour of need a service worthy of those who have gone before. In the name of Christ. AMEN.

PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT TO THE REGIMENT,

By FRANK D. SLOAT,

Captain Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

Simeon J. Fox, President 27th Regiment C. V. Association :

MR. PRESIDENT—In the autumn of 1884, the Twenty-seventh Regiment C. V., in reunion assembled, resolved that a suitable memorial be placed on the Gettysburg battle-field, commemorative of its participation in that great battle, and of their brave comrades whose precious lives were there sacrificed upon their country's altar.

That adequate force and effect might be given to the spirit and scope of the resolution, the association selected eleven of its members a Memorial Committee, designating a chairman and one representative of each regimental company.

As soon as seemed expedient this committee entered upon the duties for which it was created. Charged only with a consummation of the desire expressed in the resolution, and left to their own discretion in every detail, the committee early realized the responsible and difficult nature of the task assigned them.

To ensure the completion of a suitable memorial in time to meet a reasonable expectation of the association, it became necessary to select a design, and direct its execution in advance of material provision for defraying the expenses. A self-sacrificing spirit on the part of some members of the regiment, and a generous disposition manifested by a few of its friends, has sufficiently provided for every requirement.

To-day, Mr. President, on the spot which should be sacred in the memory of every survivor of the old Twenty-seventh, the committee report to their comrades the result of their efforts to faithfully discharge the important services demanded of them.

On this ground contending armies met in the shock of battle. Here our gallant comrades encountered the enemy's deadliest fire, which sadly decimated their already depleted ranks. With a bravery unsurpassed in the annals of war, they pushed forward, and in a grand, desperate, thrilling charge, forced

the enemy from the field. Here fell Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin, and further on, the ever brave, ever faithful Captain Jedediah Chapman yielded up his life.

On the spot where now stands in granite and bronze the result of your committee's labors, the noble Merwin received the mortal wound that summoned to the mysterious realm of immortality a spirit than which none more brave, more generous, or more lovable, has entered the eternal portals.

Ours has been a labor of love and duty not entirely free from care and anxious concern, and if our work shall receive the approval of those we have desired to serve faithfully and well, we shall rejoice.

Mr. President: On behalf of the committee with which it has been a pleasure to be associated, I now have the honor of presenting to you as the executive of our association, the Twenty-seventh Regiment Monument.

UNVEILING, BY MISS RUBY MERWIN OSBORN,

Niece of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Merwin, who fell mortally wounded on this spot, July 2, 1863.

ACCEPTANCE, - - - BY SIMEON J. FOX,

President Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers' Association.

Captain Sloat and members of the Monument Committee :

It becomes my duty as President of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Veteran Association to receive from you this monument, so gracefully presented by the chairman, and to the duty is added a pleasure, in the fact that I can congratulate your committee on the completion of its labors, and the Regiment, that there now stands on this ever memorable and historical battle-field of Gettysburg, a monument to commemorate the valor and bravery of that little band of men who, on that eventful day a little more than twenty-two years ago, stood manfully against the tide of rebel invasion, and represented in their might the name and fame of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Conn. Vols.

To the mass of the Twenty-seventh Veterans the battle-field of Gettysburg does not stir those clear and defined memories of a soldier's life, as do the fields of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, or the peaceful camp at Chain Bridge and Falmouth, or the ever well-remembered marches, which were so different in character, as that through Maryland to Fredericksburg, and then as prisoners of war from Chancellorsville to Richmond. To most of the Regiment the scenes referred to come nearer to the heart and stir the now stagnant soldier's blood more than the famed name of Gettysburg, and to them comes the remem-

brance of the wild and desperate charge with Zook's brigade at Marye's Heights, where many a brave boy of the Twenty-seventh fell to rest in a soldier's grave. Again, there is a larger personal recollection of the line at the front in the woods at Chancellorsville, where the Regiment was left to fight without supports to the right, left, or rear, and then the capture, the march to Richmond, the rebel prisons, the short rations, the joy of exchange, the wearied march to City Point, and once more to behold the old flag waving over them, and in peace and quietness at Annapolis.

As shown by the inscriptions on this monument and by history, the fortunes of war at Chancellorsville consigned eight companies of our regiment to the trials of rebel prisons, leaving only a small band of seventy-five officers and men to represent the regiment in that great, sanguinary and pivotal battle of the war at Gettysburg. But the splendid record of that small battalion who carried the flags and good name of the Twenty-seventh Regiment has led us to commemorate their deeds and valor in granite and bronze, which shall not only perpetuate the names of Merwin, Chapman, and those whose lives went out in glory on this dread field, but shall be a lasting memorial to those brave men who lived to once more enjoy the delights of peace and to witness a nation saved and a nation honored by all the world, and whose noble banner waves over 50,000,000 free people. For this your committee was created at the reunion of 1884, and it has been your duty to see that there was erected on this field a memorial which should carry with it, as stated, the memories of the dead and living: which should on this historical and monumental battle-field of the war perpetuate the name and number of the regiment raised in New Haven County, State of Connecticut, and known as the Twenty-seventh Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

Your committee has most ably and fittingly accomplished its work, and while we know your labors have been arduous and laborious, this beautiful monument now before us attests your good judgment and the wisdom of our choice, and for all time to come I trust you will find your reward in the calm assurance of knowing that your labors have been appreciated and that the monument you have erected will endure as long as the eagle surmounting it shall remain the emblem of liberty.

In the name of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Connecticut Volunteers' Veteran Association I accept from your committee this monument, and thank you in their name.

And at this time, I desire in the name of the Association to extend their thanks to our friends who have so contributed as to make the efforts of our committee a success. Your hearts have always been with us since we first donned the blue, and you have again with open hands and warm hearts evinced a desire to make our labors easy and our burden light. The memories of past favors are again brought to mind, and it is most fitting that you should unite

with us in unveiling of our Memorial. To you, one and all, we extend our heartfelt thanks for past and present favors.

And to this company of Active and Veteran Grays are we again indebted for courtesies. Your hearts and good wishes have always been with the Twenty-seventh from the time the first recruit of the Regiment—the lamented William A. Goodwin signed his name, and what became his death warrant—in your armory August 15th, 1862. Your fatherly interest has always been with us and over us. You gave of your material to learn us the arts of war—our Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Assistant Surgeon, and numerous line officers. With the name of Merwin, who led our little band at Gettysburg, the history of your Company has been intertwined for the last twenty-five years. You have helped bury our dead—among them we lament the names of Merwin, Taylor, Chapman, Schweizer, Barrett, Fowler, and Goodwin. You bade us God speed at parting and gave us a cheery adieu, and welcomed us with open arms and hearts on our return. And now, when we visit this shrine to unveil this monument which marks an important event in our military history, you kindly give us your escort and once more cement your name in our hearts.

For these kind acts we give you the hearty appreciation and thanks of the Veteran soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

ORATION, . . . BY REV. JAMES BRAND, D. D.,

Color Sergeant Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

This monumental stone will stand here commemorating the deeds of our fallen brothers when generations shall have passed away, when the tears of bereavement and the agony of battle shall be forgotten; but it is not the stone which immortalizes the men, but the men who immortalize the stone. It will stand here not simply for men, but for man; not for fame but for principle; not alone for a regiment, but for a cause as sacred and immortal as human life and thought. It is fitting that this witness to the coming years should stand here at this "high-water mark of the rebellion." It is fitting that we should be here. For, amid the cares and ambitions of life, we need to be reminded of our baptism of blood. It is fitting that the emotions which arise in our hearts as we look over this field should find expression in words and embodiment in stone. It is well, here to recut in our minds the fading impressions of the meaning of country and the cost of freedom.

We are here, I trust, not to set ourselves apart in any sense from the great army of heroic men who went to the front from the ever heroic State of Connecticut. Our glory is rather to be identified with and a part of that host. We are here not to cherish sectional bitterness or to glory in the spirit of carnage, but to

ratify the past. We are here, the remnants of a regiment, the survivors of battle, friends and brothers of the slain, to say over again, that the cause was worthy the sacrifice. I cannot here, and I need not attempt, to picture to your minds that struggle. I need hardly remind the men of the Twenty-seventh of even our little share in it. I need not picture here our hurried and glad enrollment—when the hopes of the country were under a cloud. I need not speak of the partings, the passage to Arlington, the march down the Potomac, the night in the snow at Aquia Creek, the charge on the heights of Fredericksburg, the burial of our dead, the hospital sojourn of the wounded in Alexandria and Washington. I need not speak of the fighting on “both sides of the breast-work” at Chancellorsville, the shelling of the color guard on that fatal Sunday morning, the night of the evacuation of Chancellorsville in the storm. I need not remind you of the sacrifice of the majority of our regiment to hold the enemy in check, while Hooker was re-forming his lines, the consequent march to Richmond, the heroism and suffering of prison life, more trying to men’s souls than the shock of battle, and the dreary inaction of convalescent camp. I need not speak of the march under the burning sun from Falmouth to Thoroughfare Gap, from Thoroughfare Gap to Gettysburg, the Wheatfield, the charge, the ravine, the ledge beyond, the final struggle, the victory, the return, the welcome of our decimated ranks and battle-stained flags in the dear city New Haven. All this is engraven on your hearts. Connecticut, always foremost, both in planting and defending free institutions, has not been slow to recognize your valor and appreciate your devotion. The Twenty-seventh Regiment was fortunate in several particulars. It was fortunate in its men, and in its opportunities. It was fortunate in entering the field at the most critical period of the war, when the mingled voices of grief and patriotism were heard over the land like the fitful sob of the eternal sea. It was fortunate in joining the army after General McClellan had left it. It was fortunate in being permitted to participate in the great pivotal battle of the war, and especially in this “whirlpool,” of the battle and to return home amid universal rejoicing.

But now the war is over, and we are here to look forward as well as backward. I remember that in that one immortal speech, delivered on this field more than twenty years ago, Mr. Lincoln said: “It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the *unfinished work* which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.”

To you, then, partakers in, and survivors of the war, I wish to speak to-day mainly of that “unfinished work.” To meet simply to revive the memories of the war, would hardly be worthy of this occasion. To meet to cherish the virtues of the nation’s dead and to sympathize with the bereaved is in itself noble; but to meet on this sacred spot to re-dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work which the war for the Union began, is the highest privilege of patriotic men. An old man from the country visited the army to see his two sons, and found them both wounded. Sitting between the maimed soldiers, he

was asked if he regretted the sacrifice. "No," he replied, "if I had twenty sons I would give them all to save the Union." There were hinted in the old man's answer, a *struggle* and a *compensation*. These are the two words that are forced upon our thought to-day. To the living friends here, whom God honored with the burden of bereavement for their country, and whose thoughts linger over the sacred catalogue of the dead, my words can signify but little. They have their reward in the sympathy and gratitude of a nation saved. And on the other hand, the dead need no eulogy. The simple record of their devotion to their country lifts them above the reach of words. "Their sleep is as sweet as their fame is eternal."

The record of patriotic devotion is secure, but our country still has its dangers. The cause for which we fought has made great advances since we stood together in this Wheatfield, twenty-two years ago, but the Republic still has its "unfinished work." To that it becomes us to address ourselves with the same heroic spirit with which we went into battle. The victories of peace require the martyr spirit as really as those of war. It is a fatal mistake to assume, as we too often do, that it is only in time of war that heroes are needed, and that in time of peace the nation can be saved by sordid self-indulgence. It is a guilty blunder to assume that it is only in the day of battle that we need the God of Nations, and that when the victory of the sword is secure, we can dispense with Him, in the unfinished work of peace.

Let us turn, however, for a moment,

I.—TO THE RESULTS OF THE WAR.

There were certain great results which the war could and did accomplish. 1) It saved the nation's life from assassination by its own children. (2) It killed Mr. Calhoun's heresy of State Sovereignty, secured our proper unity, and made us forever a nation, instead of a precarious league of States. That political dogma, conceived, elaborated, taught for many years in the interest of a gigantic system of selfishness, had grown to such dimensions that it could not be crushed by argument. It required not the rhetoric of the forum but the heroism of the field. Not loyal logic, but loyal blood to wash it from the nation's heart. (3) Indirectly, and incidentally the war killed slavery as a legalized system. In the struggle for life, the nation, in God's good providence, was compelled, at infinite sacrifice, to strangle the viper which had been stinging its bosom and poisoning its blood for a hundred years. This made actual liberty and moral progress possible. (4) The colossal struggle had a beneficent effect on *American patriotism*. It humbled it, chastened it, deepened it, girded it with moral power. With our immense material prosperity the simplicity of character and devotion to principle of earlier days were waning. Devotion to country was becoming mere noise and froth. Fourth of July meant only wasted powder and bombastic declamation. At the beginning of 1861, there were indeed loyal heroes in Congress and at home, but the na-

tion in its organic existence, during Buchanan's administration, sat in the rags of decaying freedom, ready to barter away its honor for the triumph of a party. At the close of the war it stood on its feet, weary indeed, burdened with debt, wounded, and bleeding at every pore, but still in the sublime attitude of a champion for universal human rights. (5) The war also had a beneficent effect on the politics of the country. It began, at least, the destruction of sectionalism. It awakened great public national sentiments, which are destined to live. It lifted the thought of country and of freedom, for the time at least, above the selfish littleness of mere partizanship. It started a wave of intelligence and benevolence southward which is still rolling on. As Bacon and Locke and Shakespeare came to New England in the culture of the Pilgrims, so Harvard and Yale and Amherst and Oberlin went to the slavery-cursed South with the armies of the loyal North. These results thus hinted at are worthy to be commemorated, together with the deeds of valor and measureless suffering which they cost.

But we must turn now to the "*Unfinished Work*." The patriot's face must be to the future. The only way to be worthy of the cause and true to the slain, is to address ourselves to that which yet remains to be done. War had its sad and awful mission as the fiery messenger of God to smite treason, when moral influences were despised. But the higher duty of fighting the wrongs of commercial greed, the dangers of political corruption, the tyranny of monopolies, the curse of social caste, and the overshadowing danger to our institutions, from the liquor oligarchy, all of which seem to be combining to destroy in time of peace the nation which our patriotism saved in war—yet remains. To fight these, and to build up the moral manhood of the people, is the unfinished work. It is pre-eminently a *moral* work, which is precisely what war could not do. It is a *Christian* work. We called on God with passionate faith in the emergencies of battle, but the demand of the nation for God's presence was never more imperative than to-day. I need not apologize to American patriots on the field of Gettysburg for insisting upon the *doctrines of Christianity as the foundation of our civil liberties*. It has been well said: "This country was founded by men who believed in the Living God. We had thus given as in the birth of our civilization the idea of the fatherhood of God, and from this the brotherhood of man." The rebellion denied this Christian axiom of the brotherhood of man, and so struck at the heart of Christian civilization. When we opposed treason on the field of battle it was to defend a *Christian* idea; and the same must be true in accomplishing the still "unfinished work."

Nearly every one of the great issues now before the people for settlement to-day, are moral issues—just such as cannot be settled either by force or by mere political machinery. They are issues which involve character and moral manhood. The dangers of the Republic to-day are not from armed rebellion or from political heresies; but from moral delinquencies,—from evils for which no man can find a remedy but in Christian principle. God has written in

flaming capitals, reaching across our entire national history, the caption of that problem which we are to work out—*Christian Manhood must save the Nation*. Napoleon boasted that he had inspired multitudes with an affection for himself which made them willing to die for him, but he added, "God forbid that I should compare the soldiers' enthusiasm with Christian charity!"

Napoleon was right. Great inspiring ideas, generous enthusiasms, and the courage of self-forgetfulness—these make the hero; but these are born of the love of God and the divine heroism of Christ. If our government is to stand, it surely must avoid the causes which have overthrown all other republics, ancient and modern. The republic of Rome lasted four hundred years. Carthage over seven hundred, and Sparta at least as long. Their downfall, at last, in every case, was the result not of defective governmental system, but of a *low state of public morals*. McIntosh has well said: "It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of corrupt minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." The same results will follow from the same causes in every age and nation. Looking at our own government as it is and men as they are, we have many reasons for fear. But looking at the nature and power of Christianity we have infinite reason for hope. We have an element of safety which the Spartan and Athenian never knew—the Christian idea. But Christianity as an abstract principle cannot save the nation. The saving power of Christianity depends upon its practical application. "The true grandeur of humanity," said Charles Sumner, "is its *moral* elevation, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur in a nation, are that Christian beneficence which diffuses the greatest happiness among the greatest number." The unfinished work which this generation has on hand, is the application of Christ's precepts to the different departments of national life. This is not a work which, like the shock of battle, attracts the attention of the world. It has none of the noise and glare of arms; but it is more potent than all the thunderbolts of war. He is a careless observer who does not recognize the superiority of love over force and of gentleness and kindness as a mode of exercising influence and securing the rights of men. But lest I should seem to dwell only upon general principles, I would suggest three special lines in which our influence as patriotic men should be directed. I mention these, not because they exhaust the subject, but because in these directions the most frowning dangers to our country seem to lie.

First.—We have before us the duty of *applying Christianity to American politics*. If we believe in the moral law at all, this duty is just as imperative now as was the going to the front in 1861. It requires no less of the heroic spirit. The grand impulse given to patriotic feeling and sentiment during the war for the nation's life, seems now to be losing in some degree its power. There is beginning to manifest itself in the political arena another decay of American patriotism. In our unparalleled material prosperity we are forgetting the baptism of blood. Self-seeking ambition, merciless monopolies, land specula-

tions, and petty conflicts for partizan ends, are taking the place of devotion to country. Look at the intensity of party spirit. Such a spirit is always a sign of moral decay. No one can witness the political corruptions and those avalanches of abuse, which party hurls against party in our too frequent political campaigns without feeling that most of it is not the spirit or language of earnest men contending for the highest good of their country, but rather the outbreaking of selfish lust and passion in their wild rage for money and for power. A noble Christian patriot has recently said that the work of the coming century is to build up a wall of Christian sentiment against the spirit of *mercantilism*. He might have added, the spirit of partizan ambition. Now, I hold that the duty of the patriot who would save his country to-day, is to apply the influences of Christianity to this great danger of the Republic with the same energy with which he applied the knife of war to the cancer of slavery twenty years ago. We must settle it once for all that politics and the golden rule cannot be divorced in this country without absolute disaster. The War of the Rebellion taught us that a nation will not fall by doing right. Our "unfinished work" is to show that the same is true of political organizations. Any doctrine of expediency which ignores the principles of Christ will fail, or have to be wiped out with blood. The verdict of history is that civil liberty in America will die unless Christian principles can control political action. If we could only enthrone conscience and the love of God in the hearts of political leaders, it would be a greater victory than that of Gettysburg. Thus, then, to permeate political action with the spirit of Christ, to carry his unselfish love and good will to men into the very life of the nation—that is the unfinished work. Take for example the question of the South. How clear it is to-day, after twenty years of trial, that though war could break the shackles of the slave, war could not really abolish slavery. The worst form of slavery lies in the heart and will, which only Christ can reach. The ballot in the hand of the freedman does not make a free man. The danger to the Republic, both North and South lies deeper than legislation or suffrage, or even schools can reach. It can be reached only by the promotion of Christian virtue by the enthronement of that principle of life which says: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

II.—LABOR AND CAPITAL.

There is a second topic that needs attention, but on which I can say but a word in passing. I mean the great problem of *labor and capital*. There can be no doubt but this question is becoming one of the dark problems of the Republic, and one in which every man is concerned. Whatever be the merits or demerits of socialism—whatever be the wrongs which working men suffer, or the wrongs which they are in danger of committing in our great cities, it is certain that a part of the unfinished work for the salvation of the country, con-

sists in applying the doctrines, not of Herr Most, but of Jesus Christ to this subject. Neither rich nor poor can gain anything in this struggle, by abandoning Christ, or separating themselves from His Church. If the church is wrong or derelict, help us to set it right. Certainly there can be no rational expectation that the lot of the laboring man can be made brighter, his load lightened, or his material wealth increased, except it be done through the application of justice and truth. It cannot be done merely by law, or by political economy or by dynamite. It must come ultimately by the adoption of that principle which alone brings good will, and exalts the brotherhood of man. Even Mr. Henry George himself seems to think that in the idea of the incarnation—that is of God voluntarily descending to the help of men—the idea of vicarious love and self-sacrifice—lies the secret of hope and well being for the laboring man. Surely Mr. George is so far right, but it is manifest that Christianity must be applied to both parties alike. Is it not plain, at least to thoughtful Americans, that that which alone draws men together in the bonds of brotherhood, which takes away caste and prejudice, that which enthrones justice and creates good will, not simply toward *our* country or our kindred, but toward our common humanity—that which stayed you up, my comrades in the stress of battle, and lifted your cause above the mere ambitions of conquest, that which was the hope of the dying soldier on the field, and of the mourning mother at the fire-side—is it not plain, I say, that that is what society needs to-day, to solve these dark problems which threaten the nation's life?

III.—THE LIQUOR OLIGARCHY.

I pass now to say a few words on the third question which is at present deservedly uppermost in all patriotic minds. No thoughtful man needs to be convinced that a great danger now threatening the stability of the Republic, destroying its young men, corrupting its legislation, defeating its laws, is the power of that gigantic liquor oligarchy, which has grown up in this Union. To apply Christian principles to that is surely an important part of our unfinished work. But the question arises, How will these principles affect that oligarchy when applied? And how shall they be applied? To the first question the answer is easy. The Gospel of Christ applied to the liquor traffic would *exterminate it*. The two things are essentially antagonistic. The Gospel lifts men up, the traffic drags them down. The Gospel exalts reason and conscience, the traffic deteriorates both. The Gospel promotes industry, the traffic, idleness and crime. The Gospel brings good will, the traffic, dissension and moral death. The grand indictment which Christian civilization brings against the liquor traffic is, that like drunkenness itself it is a violation of a great law of nature—a systematic defiance of the golden rule. It is the opposite of love. The man behind the bar is not doing and cannot do, while there, as he would be done by. There are some evils which the Gospel can

mitigate, adjust, and harmonize to some extent, with the interests of humanity—this, however, it must exterminate or be exterminated by it. There is no common ground where they can meet. There is no other evil which involves such danger to our institutions as this universal scourge. It is certain that men who believe either in country or in religion cannot be indifferent to this evil. I care not to what party men belong, they must combine in some way against this common foe. Men of patriotic spirit cannot long ignore the monstrous logical contradiction implied in a Christian nation expending \$17 to debase men for every one which it expends to educate them. Soldiers who fought at Gettysburg, whatever be their political opinions cannot submit to the nation's being robbed of \$1,400,000,000 annually, and the people morally debauched that we may receive back the paltry sum of \$86,000,000 in revenue. This cannot continue. The broad common sense of thoughtful men must revolt. The evils of the traffic are too patent and colossal, the incongruity of two such antagonistic forces as Union soldiers, the defenders of their country, and rumsellers, the destroyers of it, acting together, is too monstrous long to remain.

But, how best to apply the Gospel to this "open sore" of the nation is not easy to answer. This, however, is certain, that to overthrow it good men of all parties must somehow combine. I rejoice that to-day we stand here, not as partizans, but simply as patriots—that party lines are sunk out of sight under the mightier principle of loyalty to the nation. When the nation's life was assailed we forgot party lines. The cause was so great, so grand, so imperative, that it eclipsed all minor questions. Republicans and Democrats rallied to the standard of their country—young and old, rich and poor, men and women, student and citizen for once came together in one sublime combination. The grandeur of the spectacle and the success of the cause lay largely in this; that men of different nationalities and different political creeds, made common cause against the common enemy of the Republic. Would to God we might see the same combination of loyalty and religion to-day, against this evil which is more fatal than slavery and rebellion combined.

And now, my comrades of the Twenty-seventh, let me say one word more to you. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge my appreciation of the honor conferred on me in inviting me to speak to you here to-day. I need not say I have shrunk from the responsibility. I need not deny I have coveted the privilege; for I have never had the pleasure of meeting with you since the day we stood together here in the confusion and carnage of battle. I have longed to meet you all, but especially the remnant of the color guard. I have longed to see the old flag once more. The world contains but one piece of silk that is dear to me—that is the old flag of the State of Connecticut, presented to us, if I mistake not, by the heroic women of New Haven, and which, mingling its rustling folds with the flag of the Union, waved over as brave men as ever marched to cannon's mouth. God bless that flag and the men who fought around it!

I see that time to you more fatal than war itself, has in these twenty years touched your locks with gray, and decimated the ranks which shot and shell had spared. But I am sure there is no decay of your patriotism. That has the vigor of eternal youth. You are to be congratulated on the completion of this monument, which will perpetuate the remembrance of your valor and the great victory in which you had a share. It is surely no part of our ambition to thus set ourselves apart in any sense from the mighty army of heroic men who preceded us and followed us to the front. It is our glory, rather, to be identified with them. It is honor enough for any man to have been a soldier from Connecticut, and to have fought under her banner. I think I voice your own thought when I say in the words of Webster at Bunker Hill, that standing by this stone we simply wish "that in the days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong."

And you, our heroic dead,—you more eloquent in your silence than we can be with words—we do not forget you. Would that I could call you all by name!

We gave you to death for the life of the nation,
Humanity bows at your grave;
We gave you to God as a pledge of redemption,
A symbol of hope to the slave.

Proud ransom of freedom, oblation supernal,
Ye need no dumb record of stone;
Your sleep is as sweet as your fame is eternal,
Though you sleep far away and alone.

We have, however, this poignant regret—you fell here in this crisis of your country's history before you knew which way the tide of battle would turn or what would be the result of your sacrifice. Would that you, heroic Merwin, and Chapman and Taylor, and my loved Yale classmate Alling, and all the rest, could have at least looked on a victorious field, and a vindicated flag, before you closed your eyes in death! You are speaking to us to-day, bidding us be strong and guard the trust your blood has given us to keep, and God helping us, *we will!*

And to *you*, enduring mothers, wives, sisters of the slain, whether present here to-day or absent, to you the country owes a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. Those women of early Connecticut history, melting and moulding the leaden statue of King George into bullets with which their husbands were to defend their rights, were not more heroic than you, their daughters of twenty years ago. The noblest heroism is not to stand at the cannon's mouth with the eyes of the world upon you, but to stand at home, toiling in obscurity, praying, waiting and suffering immeasurably in secret, keeping the fires

of patriotism burning on the altar of the heart, with no drum-beat to inspire, no law to bind and no general to command but *duty*. The women of that dark period, while picking the lint and keeping their long vigils, seldom thought of or used the word sacrifice. When they faced the terrible future, with sons and husbands slain, and toiled on from the fall of Sumter to the fall of Lee, for the comfort of the wounded and for the encouragement of rulers, they did not call it sacrifice, but duty, privilege, joy. Towns and cities have raised many a monument to heroic men; the nation should have raised a monument to the loyal women of the war. When plans were baffled, when disasters came thick and fast, when rulers were disheartened and soldiers were dying without hope, the wives and mothers of the North rose to the greatness of the demand and stood in the grandeur of their moral heroism, making it as uncomfortable for cowards at home as it was honorable for soldiers at the front.

And to you, the sons of the loyal soldiers who saved the country, let me simply quote the words of Plato: "Nothing is more shameful to a man than to found his title to esteem, not on his own merits, but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the fathers is to their children a precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmission to the next generation and without any additions, ~~this~~ is the height of imbecility." The heroes of the war are passing away. Their ranks are growing thin. To you, young men who have risen to citizenship since the fall of Richmond—to *you* must the nation look. On *you* must rest the burden and the glory of the "unfinished work."

In the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington there is a life-sized painting of Admiral Farragut. At first you perceive nothing striking, either in the painting or the man; but on closer inspection you discern the mast of a vessel in the background and a coarse rope passing around the body of the Admiral. It is that scene where he had lashed himself to the rigging of the "Old Hartford" in the battle of Mobile Bay, where, clear-eyed, above the smoke of the battle, he commands and conquers. That rope has made him immortal to his country.

So let us all bind ourselves to the mast of loyalty to country and to truth, that we, being thus above the mists and the din of contending self-seekers, and able to see the perils of the nation, may also fight victoriously for the patriot's crown.

SELECTION, WHEELER & WILSON BAND.

POEM, DEWITT C. SPRAGUE.

Lieutenant Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

The quick revolving years have noiseless run
 Their cycled course since Gettysburg beheld,
The awful pageantry of war, the dun
 Of battle gather on her hills where swelled
The bloody tide and bellowed hoarse the giant gun.

Through lurid mists that melted fast away
 That summer sun in blazing splendor broke,
Throwing his rays where mighty legions lay,
 Which morning drum and trumpet soon awoke
And marshalled into ranks of battle's dread array.

Freedom along the ridge—the rocky-browed,
 Far in the vale a living bulwark formed,
And waved her starry banners high and proud,
 Where soon the thundering combat surged and stormed,
And with its screaming, burning bolts red furrows ploughed,

And here loved comrades fell, whose memory
 We fain would honor, and to-day we bring
Affection's tribute though it humble be,
 And feebly wrought, our pious offering
We bring, albeit the world may therein nothing worthy see.

And ah ! the world of what we say will take
 But little note, and not remember long,
Yet what they did throughout all time will wake
 Its voice of praise in eloquence and song—
(Like this, in nobler words, immortal Lincoln spake).

For what a priceless stake they here contended !
 Their country's life, the hope of all mankind !
And they were faithful to the sacred trust and bended
 Their souls to do what duty had assigned,
Though lowering death itself over them there impending.

And where that fiery tempest fiercest raved,
 With deadliest fury there they dauntless fought,
And every peril of the conflict braved
 Until their arms a glorious victory wrought
And hurled the beaten foeman back—their country saved !

They fell ! O land redeemed and disenthralled.

For thee the measure of devotion filled,
Yet men for holier cause were never called
To draw the sword. Their heroism thrilled
Their country's heart, but Treason slunk away appalled.

Ah, words of mine inadequately show
What comrades for their fallen comrades feel,
But of that firm relation none can know,
Who have not been baptized in fire, where peal
Destroying guns and war's red torrents smoking flow.

Here Merwin, Chapman, Cornwall, Stevens, Dunn,
Farr, Wilson, Judson, Goodwin, Confrey, Scott,
Our comrade heroes, fought and fell, but won
The fadeless crown that Freedom doth allot
To all whose duty in her sacred cause is done.

Nor is our humblest comrade now forgot ;
Each did his duty in his proper sphere,
And offered up his loyal life, for what
Exalts his memory and makes it dear
Forever to his countrymen—O, happy lot !

Evoke, O tear-eyed Memory ! from the deep
Voiceless past, with thy magic wand and bid
The spirits that thy precious treasures keep,
Surrender ours that all the years have hid,
That we once more may have them, even though we weep.

They come, they come again, and we behold
A form we loved and now in death revere,
A nature formed in nature's noblest mold,
Brave, patriotic, honest, true, sincere,
A character that every virtue did infold.

Merwin, the noblest bard should sing thy praise !
Yet this faint song of mine is from a heart
Whose love for thee words cannot express. Days,
Years, have fled away and yet thou art
The same—still memory's constant star doth brightly blaze !

With Wooster, Lyon, Sedgwick in the bright
Galaxy of heroic names is thine,
And none is brighter there. A radiant light
Serene, imperishable it will shine,
Like an eternal star, illumining the night.

Our deepest wounds, all tenderly time heals,
 And yet too often leaves the telling scar;
 That to the world a silent pain reveals,
 Betraying what the heavy sorrows are,
 That pride or reverence in aching hearts conceals.
 And now we dedicate a monument,
 To these dear comrades who so nobly stood
 Between their country and her foes, and spent
 For Freedom their richest blood,
 That hallows evermore the ground with which it blent.
 Mutely, though eloquently it will well—
 More eloquently far than human tongue—
 The story of their great devotion tell,
 And in these vales, these storied hills among
 *At morn, the Theban statue like, their anthems swell.
 And yet no storied column towering high,
 Our fallen patriotic brave require,
 Their pæans heaven-born Freedom shall supply,
 For them old Honor strikes his loftiest lyre,
 Their monument, their glorious deeds shall never die.
 But e'en this noble trophy of their fame,
 This massive stone will crumble all away,
 Still their proud memory will live on the same,
 Preserved and honored to the latest day
 In human hearts where Freedom keeps her vestal flame.
 O, dulce, "*Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori"! we may sing to-day
 Of these who with our country's bravest rest—
 Commingled with her hallowed dust their clay
 Will consecrated lie, by her forever blest.
 O, Gettysburg! for evermore thy fame
 With Freedom's proud achievement will be found,
 And grateful patriots with glad acclaim
 Will point to thee as Freedom's hallowed ground,
 Nor Marathon nor Bunker Hill is holier name!
 And many a patriot pilgrim too shall gain,
 Before thy holy shrines a nobler zeal,
 Sublimier aspirations here attain,
 Renew his patriotic vows and feel,
 That thy heroic dead shall not have died in vain.

* Referring to the statue of Memnon at Thebes which is fabled to have uttered melodious strains at sunrise.
 DeW. C. S.

Connecticut, thy patriot sons have bled
 On many a field for thee and Freedom's right,
 Whether into the deadly breach they led
 To break the tyrant's or the traitor's might,
 They won an honored place with the illustrious dead.
 Thy dead rest well ! But ah, thy living brave !
 The maimed, the crippled, wrecked in health are there ;
 Naught can restore what they so freely gave !
 These claim thy warm solicitude and care,
 O, let them not, as medicants, thy bounty crave !
 Dear comrades of our fallen, well have ye
 Your pious duty to their memory done,
 Now at this consecrated shrine may we
 Repledge that comradeship that makes us one,
 IN FRATERNITY, CHARITY and LOYALTY.

DELIVERY OF CUSTODY OF MONUMENT

BY HIS EXCELLENCY HENRY B. HARRISON, Governor of Connecticut

To the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

To the tender care of her great sister, Pennsylvania, the Commonwealth of Connecticut now entrusts this monument, which she has this day dedicated to the memory of her dear children, slain here in battle.

They fell fighting under the starry flag of the Union, and upholding on high that older flag, the ancient banner of blue, on whose folds is inscribed the declaration that He who brought our fathers to this land will protect and sustain their posterity forever.

As we think of our heroic brothers who died here, we think also of the heroic mother from whose loins they sprung, and for whom we speak.

If she is not great in territory or in power we testify for her that she has always been great in valor.

In her long life she has never failed to answer a call to arms. The fields of Canada, of Massachusetts, of New York, of New Jersey, of Pennsylvania, and of almost every other State on this continent where battles have been fought, have been drenched with her blood; and that blood has often stained in war the waters of the sea.

On that terrible day when the destiny of the Republic was here decided, she stood upon this spot, among her more powerful sisters, wounded and mangled but unwavering to the end.

We do not boast of her achievements; but we thank God that in every day of trial she has been found faithful according to her strength, and that if she has not been able to send forth mighty armies, she has at least been a mother of heroes like those who here lie buried.

Among the States whose union was made indissoluble, and whose freedom perpetual, by the victory of that great day, high in honor stands the noble and patriotic State of Pennsylvania, whose brave sons swarmed in myriads to the defense of the Nation in the time of its peril. Pennsylvania will proudly accept, and loyally discharge, the sacred trust which Connecticut has now committed to her hands.

RECEPTION, By D. A. BUEHLER, ESQ.,
Vice-President G. B. M. A.

GOVERNOR HARRISON AND VETERANS OF THE 27TH CONNECTICUT :

I deeply regret that Governor Pattison, *ex officio* President of the Memorial Association, by reason of prior engagements calling him out of the State, is unable to be with us to-day to tender to you in fitting words the greetings of our great Commonwealth on this interesting occasion.

In accepting this magnificent monumental shaft, it gives me great pleasure in this presence to express the obligations of the Memorial Association, and of the Veterans of the Union interested in its work, to the loyal people of Connecticut for the hearty, generous aid and co-operation they have given us.

In full appreciation of the central relation which "Gettysburg" sustains to the war for the suppression of the Rebellion and the importance of the historical delineation of the field, Connecticut has not contented herself with erecting costly monuments in honor of the gallant deeds of her own heroes, but her Legislature appropriated \$2,500, which you, sir, ordered to be transferred to our treasury without questioning or condition, thereby enabling the Association to go forward in its work and setting an example of liberality and generous confidence that ought not to be lost on other States.

Although the regiments from Connecticut constituted a comparatively small portion of the great host of citizen soldiery, who upon this field, during three long days, stood up amid the crash of shot and shell, ready to die, if need be, that the nation might live, they were singularly fortunate in occupying representative positions. Full four miles to the north of where we stand the classic memorial of the Seventeenth Connecticut shows that that gallant regiment had the honor of holding the right of the Union line in the memorable struggle of July 1st, and on "Barlow's Knoll" received the shock of Ewell's battalions as they bore down in overwhelming masses on the Eleventh Corps.

On the Avenue, nearly midway between this and town, on the spot which has come to be known as the "High-Water mark of the Rebellion," a massive

granite monument tells how the Fourteenth Connecticut shared with comrades of other organizations the glory of there meeting and repulsing, with disastrous slaughter, Pickett's famous but ill-fated charge.

Three miles to our right, on the slope of "Culp's Hill," a handsome monument proclaims the honorable relation of the Twentieth Connecticut to the desperate contest on the morning of July 3d, in the successful effort to dislodge the enemy, who, the night before, had carried a portion of the Union line, weakened by absence of troops temporarily sent to the left.

And now the surviving Veterans of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut come to-day to dedicate this imposing memorial shaft in the very center of the "Wheatfield," memorable as the "whirlpool" of the fierce conflict of July 2d. Beginning far out at the "Peach Orchard," you know how the storm of battle rolled over all these intervening fields and woods to the slopes of "Round Top"—how every foot of ground was desperately, heroically contested, as the enemy again and again flung themselves in overpowering force on front and flank of the Union lines—how on the spot where we stand the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, surging back and forth with changing fortune, as regiments and brigades melted away in the terrible carnage of that day, until this entire field was moistened with the blood of heroes.

"Barlow's Knoll!"—"Culp's Hill!"—the "High-Water mark of the Rebellion!"—the "Wheatfield!"—all historic and ever-memorable names! And so it comes to pass that the story of these four monuments is largely the story of the Battle of Gettysburg.

In accepting the trust confided to us in the transfer of this monument, I can assure your Excellency that our Association will carefully guard it and give it somewhat, at least, of the loving care with which the survivors of the Twenty-seventh have watched its erection. Long may it stand—so that in the oncoming years, when the busy actors in these scenes shall have passed away, and other generations come to this Mecca of American patriotism to gather inspiration from the great deeds and heroic sacrifices of the nation's heroes, who, amid fiery and bloody baptism, consecrated these hills and valleys to an immortality of fame, this tall shaft will eloquently tell to all the story of the relation of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut to the Battle of Gettysburg.

Five survivors of the three months' regiment to which Colonel Merwin belonged placed a beautiful wreath of evergreen and flowers on the monument, Captain A. C. Hendricks, Chief of the New Haven Fire Department, and Lieut. DeWitt C. Sprague making some appropriate remarks.

BENEDICTION, . . . BY REV. JAMES BRAND, D. D.
Color Sergeant Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

At the conclusion of the exercises the party returned to town for dinner, and at 4 o'clock they marched to the Cemetery to strew the graves of the Connecticut dead with flowers. Governor Harrison and Adjutant-General Smith leading the procession. Upon reaching the Connecticut section, President Fox stated that no formal exercises had been arranged, but that, before placing the flowers on the graves, it was deemed appropriate to have some remarks from Governor Harrison. The Governor stepped forward and, with uncovered head, delivered one of the most pathetic and impressive speeches we have ever heard. It was entirely impromptu, but no studied words could have been more fitting and eloquent. The richly colored flowers of autumn were then placed upon every grave. The party was photographed and then separated to spend the remaining hours of the beautiful afternoon in wandering over the field.

In the evening a camp-fire was held in the Court House. Again the room was crowded almost to suffocation and many were compelled to go away. If possible the room was fuller than the night before. At 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order by President S. J. Fox, who named Capt. Frank D. Sloat as chairman. Capt. Sloat presided with grace and dignity, and in his remarks touchingly referred to the services of the regiment, and the pleasure of their visit to Gettysburg. Chaplain H. S. Stevens, of the Fourteenth Connecticut, who has many friends in our community, was first called on and delivered a fervent panegyric on the State of Connecticut and the services and loyal devotion of her citizens and soldiers. He was followed by Col. Bostwick, Gen. Merwin, brother of Col. Merwin, D. A. Buehler, Esq., President McKnight, General Bradley, Captain Lee, Major Morgan and Charles A. Baldwin. Captain Sloat thanked the citizens and County Commissioners, and the ladies for the abundance of flowers. The speeches were interspersed with music by the band, which was loudly applauded.

After adjournment the band and veterans serenaded Gov. Harrison at the Eagle Hotel. In response to loud calls the Governor appeared upon the balcony and expressed his great gratification with the pleasure and benefit of his visit. They would all go home

better men morally and mentally for having breathed the ennobling atmosphere of this great battle-field. He returned his thanks to the Twenty-seventh Regimental Association for having afforded him so much pleasure in his visit, and to the citizens of Gettysburg for their cordial and generous hospitality. This ended the public exercises of the party.

Captain Sloat was chairman of the monument and excursion committee, and was highly commended for his efficiency and administrative capacity; everything was well managed.

Captain Ruel P. Cowles, as Treasurer of the Committee had a large amount of work to perform in collecting and guarding the funds, while Col. Simeon J. Fox, as President of the Regimental Association, was most active in arranging details and carrying out the enterprise to a successful finish.

At 8 o'clock Friday morning, "All aboard for Connecticut" is sounded, and the train moves away amid the cheers of the townspeople, who assembled in large numbers.

There is nothing of special interest until the train reaches Jersey City, when the Active and Veteran Grays leave us and are the guests of the New York Seventh Regiment for the evening. The Twenty-seventh Conn. Vols. were also invited to accept the hospitalities of the Seventh, and several availed themselves of the invitation.

The excursion proper closed upon reaching New York, and most of the veterans reached New Haven upon the evening train.

The following letter and telegram were received and read :

HEADQUARTERS, FORT SHAW, MONTANA, Oct. 14, 1885.

Capt. Frank D. Sloat, Chairman, &c.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of Oct. 5th reached me to-day. I regret exceedingly that I will not be able to join you and your comrades of the Twenty-seventh in their dedicatory exercises at Gettysburg on the 22d. Were I to consult my pleasure and convenience I would certainly be there, but I am in a remote part of our country and my duties will not permit me to join in paying this tribute to the gallant dead as well as fixing the point where you and your brave comrades did your mightiest for our grand old country.

I am, Captain, very truly yours,

JOHN R. BROOKE,
Col. 3d Infantry, Brev't Brig. Gen'l U. S. A.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 22, 1885.

Chairman Twenty-seventh Connecticut Regiment, Gettysburg :

To you and your loyal comrades, the Massachusetts Veterans, but lately returned from the historic field, and who were with you in 1863, send loving greeting. Your page of monumental history comes very near our own, possessing equal merit. For this reason and because we shared in battle the burden and danger, we desire in peace to join you in your dedication to-day—though absent in person we are present in spirit. Now and ever true comrades,

JAMES H. CRUFF,
Chairman Massachusetts Veteran Excursion,
81 Warren street, Roxbury.

GETTYSBURG, Oct. 22, 1885.

James H. Cruff, Chairman Massachusetts Veteran Excursion, 81 Warren street, Roxbury, Mass.

There is nothing in the realm of sentiment capable of inspiring such a greeting as yours, except it be born of a common comradeship, forged in the fire and shaped on the anvil of a common experience under the old flag when death for one's country seemed the probable sacrifice. My comrades of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut just returned from impressive dedication ceremonies on the Wheatfield, received your tender and loving message with thrilling interest.

Success has thus far attended our pilgrimage.

FRANK D. SLOAT,
Chairman.



Names of Excursionists.

The excursion of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers to Gettysburg, on Tuesday, October 20, 1885, was composed of the following-named persons:

MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Colonel Richard S. Bostwick,	Adjutant George F. Peterson,
Quartermaster Ruel P. Cowles,	Q. M. S. Charles A. Baldwin,

COMPANY A.

Captain Frank D. Sloat,	Seneno A. Hopkins,
Private Simeon J. Fox,	John W. Merrell,
Corporal William H. Merwin,	Corporal W. C. Tyler,
De Witt V. Bradley,	

COMPANY B.

Sergeant Robert B. Goodyear,	Musician Henry Z. Nichols,
Sergeant Samuel S. Cook,	Private Nathan Harrison,
Corporal Albert Harrison,	Private Henry D. Todd,
Corporal Isaac K. Hall,	

COMPANY C.

Lieutenant Charles B. Brooks,	Private Frederick Cornwell,
Sergeant Edward H. Carrington,	Private William A. Beard.

COMPANY D.

Lieut. Ellsworth A. Smith,	Sergeant George T. Swank,
Sergeant John A. Monson,	Private James Johnson.

COMPANY E.

Captain D. S. Thomas,	Private Edward F. Baldwin,
Corporal George T. Dade,	Private George W. Elkins,
Musician Benjamin E. Brown,	Private John B. Hartshorn,
Musician William L. Parmalee.	

COMPANY F.

Lieut. DeWitt C. Sprague,	Private A. R. Burwell,
Sergeant Stiles L. Beach,	Private Robert S. Buckmaster,
Corporal James B. Munson,	Private William T. Bristol,
Corporal Henry W. Clark,	Private Theodore Baldwin,
Corporal George E. Dudley,	Private Charles Munson,
Private David Burrell,	Private Edward T. Wilcox.

COMPANY G.

Sergeant Allen D. Baldwin,
Corporal Stiles D. Woodruff,
Corporal Albert J. Puffer.
Musician William S. Bronson,

Private Everett B. Clark,
Private Stephen D. Russell,
Private William M. Russell,
Private William C. Scobie.

COMPANY H.

Lieut. Orrin C. Burdick,
Lieut. Winthrop D. Sheldon,
Corporal Henry F. Peck,

Private David Ford,
Private William B. Gay,
Private William A. Parmalee.

COMPANY I.

Sergeant William B. Crampton,
Private Adrien C. Heitman.

Private William W. Price,

Color Guard.

Sergeant James Brand,
Corporal Joseph N. Clark.

Corporal A. E. Clark.

GUESTS FROM OTHER REGIMENTS.

John S. Cannon, First Conn. Light Battery, New Haven.
George W. Brown, Twentieth Conn. Volunteers.
L. S. Catlin, Second Conn. Heavy Artillery, Bridgeport.
C. M. Loomis, Sixth Conn. Volunteers, New Haven.
Frederick H. Waldron, First Conn. Heavy Artillery, New Haven.
W. O. Bement, 134th Indiana Volunteers.
H. S. Stephens, Chaplain Fourteenth Conn. Volunteers, Washington, D. C.
A. C. Hendrick, Twelfth Conn. Volunteers, New Haven.
S. V. Nichols, Second Conn. Light Battery, Bridgeport.
W. R. Palmer, Second Conn. Light Battery, Bridgeport.
E. B. Pratt, Second Conn. Light Battery, Bridgeport.
Isaac W. Bishop, Thirteenth Conn. Volunteers, New Haven.
Capt. A. D. Sanborn, Fifth N. H., New Haven.
Frederick J. Hart, First Conn. Heavy Artillery.

NEW HAVEN GRAYS.

Captain, F. T. Lee,
First Lieut., John Draine,
Second Lieut., L. H. Bates,
First Sergeant, Charles C. Ford,
Quart.-Sergt., Walter H. Blakeslee,
Sergeant, George H. Butler,
" Harvey S. Munson,
" John T. Gill,
Color Sergeant, Robert B. Hayden,
Color Sergeant, Robert T. Bacon,

Private, George E. Brooks,
" Nelson H. Botsford,
" William W. Buckingham,
" Elmer E. Dutton,
" Curtis H. Ford,
" R. W. French,
" George C. Gordon,
" Charles T. Gruener,
" Charles T. Hemingway,
" Henry G. Hotchkiss,

Corporal, Charles O. Coburn,
 " George H. Mallory,
 " Charles F. McCabe,
 " Willis Parker,
 " Frank W. Smith,
 " Edward Taylor,
 Musician, John N. Champion,
 " L. A. D. Hendrick,
 Private, A. L. Barnes,
 " Charles Barnes,
 " Wallace H. Bradley,

Private Charles J. Isaacson,
 " Theo. H. Macdonald,
 " Wm. J. Moffatt,
 " Frank S. Munn,
 " George G. Powning,
 " John Savage,
 " Abram L. Shutter,
 " Charles Smith,
 " Joseph Smith,
 " A. L. Thompson.

Also ex-members, who put on private uniforms and met us in New York, are the following: Capt. George S. Arnold, Lieut. A. M. Howarth, E. H. Hull, W. H. Bradley, Charles M. Lamb, and others.

VETERAN GRAYS.

Colonel L. L. Morgan,
 Adjutant W. P. Ensign,

Quartermaster Gen. E. E. Bradley,
 Q. M. Sergeant H. W. Blakeslee,

COMPANY A.

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 Lieutenant J. A. McQueen,
 L. Bostwick,
 J. T. Fitch,
 Colonel A. C. Hendrick,
 J. B. Hood,
 General S. E. Merwin, Jr.

J. A. Latham,
 H. T. Mix,
 F. C. Tuttle,
 J. H. Phillips,
 Colonel T. B. Warren,
 H. N. Whittelsey,

COMPANY B.

Captain B. E. Brown,
 Lieutenant S. G. Weed,
 Major F. A. Spencer,
 George Matthews,
 F. H. Hart,
 Major G. H. Larned,

A. M. Howarth,
 W. E. Morgan,
 W. J. Moffatt,
 E. S. Osborn,
 F. H. Russell,
 F. B. Walker.

CITIZEN GUESTS.

Gov. H. B. Harrison,	New Haven.	Truman S. Foote,	New Haven.
Adj. Gen. Stephen R. Smith,	"	Gen. S. E. Merwin, Jr.,	"
William C. Russell,	Orange.	Arthur Burr,	"
Jabez Amesbury,	Danbury.	H. P. Shares,	"
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EXTRACT FROM THE GETTYSBURG "STAR AND
SENTINEL," OF OCTOBER 27, 1885.

During the last twenty years very many pleasant and enjoyable military and civic parties have visited our town for the purpose of seeing and studying the historical field of Gettysburg, but none have surpassed in intelligence, refinement and representative character the large and genial company which accompanied the excursion of the survivors of the 27th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, last week. It was a happy, jovial, lively party, full of patriotic ardor, and imbued with tender affection for the memory of the brave Connecticut soldiers whose services they were to commemorate and perpetuate. Although it was a regimental party, there was nothing selfish or exclusive in their exercises, and they took pride in the achievements and sacrifices of every Connecticut organization, freely bestowing honor where honor was due. The excursionists made a quick run from New Haven, leaving that city at 6.45 A. M. and arriving here at 5.45 P. M.

During the evening the Wheeler & Wilson Band occupied the sitting room of the McClellan House and delighted a large crowd with several choice selections, men and women braving the ugly weather to hear the fine music. The tourists spent the evening in completing and maturing the plans for the trip; those on whom official responsibility did not rest crowded the hotel sitting rooms, mingled among the citizens and talked "battle" until the late hours of the evening. Some of the junior members of the party "painted the town red" in a very genteel way, and all seemed to be in a good humor and enjoying themselves, notwithstanding the failure of "Old Probabilities" to fulfill his part of the contract. During the evening many of our citizens called upon Governor Haffison and found him to be a very affable, courteous and accessible gentleman. It seemed a pleasure to him not only to meet his immediate constituency, but also our people, who were most pleasantly impressed by his frank and agreeable manners.

Wednesday evening was devoted to a concert in the Court House by the Wheeler & Wilson Band. The court room is larger than any public hall in the town, but any person who was there on Wednesday night can testify that it was utterly inadequate to hold the enthusiastic crowd that was wild to hear the music. Long before the doors opened the people commenced to assemble and when they were unlocked there was a rough, but good-natured, rush and struggle to get eligible seats. The bar was reserved for the visitors, but in consequence of the great crowd it was an absolute impossibility to keep it entirely clear. Col. S. J. Fox presided, and the band occupied seats in front of the bench. It was a rare entertainment, such as our people appreciate but do not often have the privilege of enjoying at home. In the last twenty-two years Gettysburg people have listened to many crack bands, which have accompanied large parties, but none have surpassed, and many of our best musical critics say none have equaled, the performance of the Wheeler & Wilson Band on Wednesday night. "The concord of sweet sounds" was delightful and enchanting. Among the selections were the "Poet and Peasant," "British Patrol" and several national and familiar military airs. Every one was delighted and expressed their obligations to the 27th Association and the Band for furnishing them such a rich treat.

General Sloat was chairman of the monument and excursion committee, and was highly commended for his efficiency and administrative capacity; everything was well managed. The party started for home at eight o'clock Friday morning, all apparently endorsing the sentiments expressed by the Governor the evening before, and we can assure them that they were reciprocated by our people.

The Monument.

The cut in the front part of the book is a correct representation of the Monument, it being taken from a photograph. A limited description is given elsewhere. The St. Johnsbury granite was selected after much investigation by the committee, largely on account of its being free from iron and consequently from the danger hereafter of stains which so seriously discolor some other granites. The Monument at the time of its dedication was not at its best. Since then the shaft has been refinished and reset and otherwise improved, and the State Coat of Arms cut on the back of the die. A copper box was made and presented by Capt. R. P. Cowles, and was placed in the center foundation stone. It contained a copy of the New Haven Directory, The Regimental History, by Lieut. Sheldon, a copy of the New Haven newspapers, the names of contributors to the monumental fund, and several papers of general interest to the Regiment.

